DYNAMITE
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS

SIXTY-SEVEN

REJECTED

THUNDERBOLT

REJECTED

REJECTED

REJECTED

VINGS

THE WORLD WRECKERS!

REJECTED

TERROR STRIKES FROM THE AIR!

REJECTED

REJECTED

PAYBACK
#47
BY
BRIAN BRUBAKER

BY
BUCK TRIPP

STAMP-O
READ INK

ADVENTURES OF
THE TEK-KNIGHT
#25
REJECTED
BY
SLORP DICKSON

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SIXTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THOU CANST NOT SAY T'WAS THEE CREATED TEK-KNIGHT! OH, FALSE! WHY NOT HAVE DONE WITH IT, AND CLAIM THE REST OF PAYBACK FOR THINE OWN!
THOU DIDST CASH THE CHECK! T'WAS THAT WHICH SERVED FOR CONTRACT! NEVER SHAKE THY GORY LOCKS AT ME!

THE BLOODY DOORS OFF

part two

MM? HMH.

SORRY, KID, WHAT WAS IT YA WERE *SAYIN'*...?

AH, I WAS, AH...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE...

I WAS JUST SAYIN' IT'S ALL COMIN' TO BITS ON US. THERE WAS ALL THE SHITE THAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, AN' THIS MORNIN' THERE'S THIS BLOODY EMAIL FROM LANGLEY.

EMAIL...?

THEY'VE *REVOKED OUR CITIZENSHIP.* ME AN' FRENCHIE AN' THE FEMALE, THEY WERE COPIED ON IT--WE'VE ALL GOT NINETY DAYS TO GET OUT O' THE COUNTRY.

THANKS FOR YOUR SERVICES TO THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, YOUR UNIT'S REMIT IS HEREBY CANCELLED, FEEL FREE TO FUCK OFF. I MEAN NO' IN SO MANY WORDS, BUT...

AN' *BUTCHER?*

HIM TOO. BUT HE'S NO' ANSWERIN' HIS PHONE, AN' HE WASN'T IN THE OFFICE WHEN I WENT BY.

THIS IS FUCKIN' *RAYNER.* THE LITTLE COOZE IS *CLEANIN' HOUSE* FOR THIS *RUN* SHE'S *MAKIN'.* LAST THING SHE WANTS IS *THE BOYS* COMIN' UP WHEN SHE'S ON *BILL O'FUCKIN' REILLY*...

SEE THERE! BEHOLD! *LOOK!*

IF THY ESTATES AND CURSED DEPENDENTS LAUNCH LAWSUIT AFTER LAWSUIT IN THY NAME, OUR MONUMENTS SHALL BE THE MAWS OF KITES!

AVAUNT! AND QUIT MY SIGHT! THY BONES ARE MARROWLESS!

SOLDIER BOY! STORMFRONT! WEBWEAVER! STARBOARD! ALL WERE MINE, THOU DIDST NO MORE THAN SCRAWL THY DOODLES AT MY BIDDING!

HENCE, HORRIBLE SHADOW! UNREAL MOCKERY, HENCE!

IT...

IT WILL HAVE BLOOD, THEY SAY.

BLOOD. WILL. HAVE. BLOOD.

HUH? WHAT THE HELL'RE YA DOIN' DOWN THERE?

I--

SAY, DID YA HEAR ABOUT OL' VAS...?

VAS? UH...

AYE, HE TEXTED ME YESTERDAY. MADE NO BLOODY SENSE AT ALL, MIND YOU.

HE WHAT? YOU BEEN SMOKIN' THE MARIDGE-OO-ANNA, KID?

VAS IS DEAD, SOMEONE CUT HIM IN HALF WITH A GODDAMNED ROCKET-LAUNCHER...!

'COURSE I DID.

FINDIN' PEOPLE'S WHAT I DO.

AN'...YOU RENTED THE PLACE IN YOUR OWN NAME. I PRETTY MUCH GOT OFF THE PLANE AN' COME STRAIGHT HERE.

JANINE, I AIN'T ANGRY WIT' YOU, HONEY.

I AIN'T GONNA YELL AT YOU OR NOTHIN' ELSE LIKE THAT.

I'M JUST HERE TO BE YOUR DADDY.

I, UH...

I KNOW I MESSED UP. I MEAN THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT, I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING WORSE.

BUT... COMING FROM YOU?

THAT REALLY IS SOME LINE.

YEAH...?

OH, JESUS.

I KNOW LOTS OF KIDS WHERE ONE OF THEIR PARENTS ISN'T AROUND MUCH. AND THEY KIND OF LATCH ONTO THE OTHER PARENT. AND SOMETIMES THE OTHER PARENT ISN'T MUCH GOOD FOR THEM.

SO NOTHING NEW THERE.

AND I ***KNOW*** BEING WITH YOU IS BETTER THAN BEING WITH MOM. I ALWAYS KNEW THAT.

BUT YOU WEREN'T AROUND, YOU WENT OFF AND HAD THESE ***GAPS*** WHERE I HARDLY EVER SAW YOU--AND D'YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU WEREN'T AROUND FOR?

I'M TWELVE.

I KNOW TH--

I HAD MY FIRST PERIOD WHEN I WAS SIX. IT SCARED ME TO DEATH. I MEAN MY BODY MIGHT HAVE MATURED FASTER, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN MY HEAD WAS READY FOR IT.

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE PLAYING WITH DOLLS AND MEANWHILE I'M A WOMAN. AND IT'S LIKE THERE IT WENT, JANINE, THAT WAS YOUR CHILDHOOD...

YOU KNOW ALL THIS. YOU KNOW WHY, TOO.

BECAUSE OF THIS SHIT THAT'S IN MY VEINS.

THAT MUCH IS NOT YOUR FAULT.

BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT I WENT THROUGH AN AWFUL LOT ON MY OWN, JUST BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T THERE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MIGHT BE COMING NEXT, EITHER, AND YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THERE FOR ME TO TALK TO ABOUT THAT.

I WILL BE, I--

SO IS IT REALLY ALL THAT SURPRISING I TURNED TO MOM?

I GET THAT. WHATEVER I THINK OF HER. AN' I GET WHY YOU'RE MAD AT ME.

BUT--JANINE, HONEY--

I MEAN GOD *DAMMIT...!*

A PORNO MOVIE?

I'M NOT GOING TO PRETEND IT WASN'T DISGUSTING. OR THAT MOM'S FRIENDS WEREN'T JUST SUCH TOTAL SKEEZES.

SHE GAVE ME A LITTLE BUMP TO GET ME THROUGH IT. BUT THEN SHE'D BEEN GIVING ME LITTLE BUMPS FOR THE PAST YEAR, ANYWAY, OR I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STAND HER...

WHERE SHE AT?

OH, STOP IT.

JANINE, I GOT TO TALK TO HER. HER AN' THESE F--THESE FRIENDSA HERS.

LOOK, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, I DON'T THINK I CAN EVEN DO THIS...

LOOK--

I'M TRYING, OKAY? I'M TRYING. I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH, I'M HAVING THE FATHER-DAUGHTER CONVERSATION JUST LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO.

BUT IT'S NOT VERY EASY WITH YOU PRETENDING YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT HERE, OR THAT I'M NOT UNDER FUCKING *SUSPENDED SENTENCE OF DEATH...!*

JANINE?

HONEY, WHAT YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

AW, VAS.

WHAT A SICKENER.

WELL, THAT'S WHAT ***HAPPENS*** IN THIS GAME, KID. YOU GOT ANY IDEA HOW ***LUCKY*** THE FIVE A' YOU WERE, COMIN' THROUGH ALLA THIS AN' ONLY LOSIN' A ***DOG***...?

I'D A PAL O' MINE BACK HOME GOT KILLED TOO. BUT HE...

THIS GAME? WHAT WAS IT HE WAS DOIN', ANYWAY?

DUNNO... BUT I HEARD ON THE GRAPEVINE THEY FOUND HIM ***SPREAD ALL OVER THE PLACE,*** AN' IT DIDN'T LOOK TOO FUCKIN' ***SELF-INFLICTED***...

BUT I ***DID*** GET A TEXT FROM HIM YESTERDAY. EXCEPT IT WOULD'VE BEEN THE DAY BEFORE.

HERE, HANG ON--

NOW WHAT THE ***HELL*** DOES THAT MEAN...?

SEARCH ME.

BUT...D'YOU THINK HE DID THIS WHILE HE WAS...?

POOR SON OF A BITCH...

FUCK. ***FUCK.***

JUST THE BLOODY THOUGHT OF HIM LYIN' THERE.

DON'T *DO IT TO YOURSELF,* KID.

VASILI VORISHIKIN: GOOD GUY FOR A FUCKIN' IVAN, LOTTA HEART, HUNG LIKE A GODDAMN ***SPERM WHALE.***

AYE.

A-MAN.

1967

'71-'72.

'MAZINGO!

WHY WOULD HE BE TEXTIN' ME AT A TIME LIKE THAT, D'YOU THINK?

SAY ***DOSVIDANJA...?***

WE MET TWICE. I MEAN WE HIT IT OFF, BUT I DOUBT I'D BE THE ONE SPRINGIN' TO MIND IN HIS LAST MOMENTS ON EARTH.

WHO THE FUCK KNOWS AT A TIME LIKE ***THAT?***

ABOUT YOUR ***OTHER*** PROBLEM...YOU GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO WHETHER YOU ***WANNA*** STAY ON...?

WHAT, HERE, OR WITH THE BOYS? OR EITHER?

I DUNNO IF THEY EVEN WANT ME, I MANAGED TO SERIOUSLY PISS OFF M.M. AN' THE OTHER TWO. THANKS TO BUTCHER AN' HIS BIG BLOODY MOUTH.

BUT I DO HAVE A GIRL I'M NO' QUITE READY TO GIVE UP ON.

AN'...IT SOUNDS DAFT, BUT...I FEEL LIKE IF I DO HAVE TO LEAVE NEW YORK, THERE'S A PART O' ME'S ALWAYS GONNA BE IN MOURNIN'.

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WORDS OF A ***SMART FUCKIN' MAN.***

TRY ***MONKEY.***

MONKEY...?

THAT'S WHERE *I'D* START, IF I HAD TROUBLE WITH *RAYNER.*

SOUND HIM OUT, SEE IF YOU CAN FIGURE YOUR *ANGLE OF ATTACK...*

BUT-- WHY HIM?

BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY CONNECTION YOU *GOT* TO THE BITCH...!

COME ON, KID, YOU SPENT THE LAST COUPLA YEARS AROUND SOME O' THE SMARTEST MOTHERFUCKERS I EVER *MET*...AIN'T YOU LEARNED *NOTHIN',* FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...?

UH...AYE.

RIGHT.

WELL THANKS FOR THE DRINK--

SAY...WHAT WAS THAT THING *VAS* SAID AGAIN? *WHAT* WAS THE MESSAGE...?

T-THREE-FOUR-ATLENIN.

ATLENIN? AT LENIN...

T-THIRTY-FOUR. *YEAH.*

WHAT?

IF IT'S T-*THIRTY-FOUR* IT'S A KIND OF *TANK.*

COMMIE MODEL.

I DUNNO WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO *MEAN,* BUT A T-THIRTY-FOUR'S A *TANK.*

"YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THIS?"

I... DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THIS IS...

REALLY.

SERIOUSLY.

BECAUSE IF YOU'RE MAKING ME GO THROUGH IT JUST TO PUNISH ME, FOR SOME MESSED-UP REASON OF YOUR OWN...

JANINE...!

IT WAS UNCLE BILLY.

WHAT--?

HE SHOWED UP RIGHT AFTER THE THING WENT VIRAL. THE DAY MOM EMAILED YOU, HE SHOWED UP AT THE OFFICE THAT SAME NIGHT.

I GUESS HE CAME STRAIGHT FROM THE AIPORT TOO.

ARE YOU ***SURE*** HE DIDN'T TELL--

JANINE, DON'T STOP TALKIN' ***NOW***--!

I THINK HE JUST WANTED MOM'S ADDRESS, BUT IT SO HAPPENED WE WERE THERE TO HAVE A MEETING. TO TALK ABOUT A SEQUEL, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

I NEVER...WHEN I WAS A KID I DIDN'T REALLY KNOW UNCLE BILLY. HE SMILED A LOT, HE HAD HIS FUNNY ACCENT. BUT I HARDLY SAW HIM, I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT WHO HE WAS OR WHAT THE TWO OF YOU ***DID***...

HE KILLED JULIUS FIRST.

ONE LOOK AT HIM AND YOU KNEW HE MEANT SERIOUS BUSINESS. SO CHUCKY--HE WAS THE PRODUCER, HE WAS THE GUY THAT MOM HOOKED UP WITH IN THE FIRST PLACE--CHUCKY JUST SNEERED AND KIND OF NODDED TO JULIUS TO DEAL WITH HIM.

JULIUS WAS CHUCKY'S BODYGUARD, HE WAS ALSO IN A LOT OF THE FILMS. HE WAS SIX FEET EIGHT.

UNCLE BILLY REACHED UP AND KIND OF GRABBED HIS HEAD AND--

HE TURNED IT BACK TO FRONT. ONE SECOND JULIUS IS FACING AWAY, AND THE NEXT THERE'S THIS ***KLUNK*** AND HE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT ME, AND HE'S ***AMAZED***...

HE DID THIS SHIT ***IN FRONT OF YOU...?***

IT WAS ALL FOR MY BENEFIT, DADDY.

DON'T YOU GET THAT?

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE...IT WAS LIKE WE WERE DISGUSTING TO HIM, BUT ALSO WE WERE THIS GIANT INCONVENIENCE THAT HE COULD HARDLY EVEN BE BOTHERED DEALING WITH.

I FELL OFF MY CHAIR. MOM WENT FOR THE DOOR. HE RAMMED CHUCKY'S HEAD INTO THE WALL. IT WAS ONLY LATER ON I THOUGHT--YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD JULIUS TO SIT DOWN, YOU SHOULD HAVE SCREAMED AT EVERYBODY NOT TO PISS HIM OFF...

BUT I WAS USELESS.

AND I DON'T THINK IT WOULD HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE DAY HE CAME TO GET YOU, TWO OR THREE YEARS BACK? WHEN I WAS MEAN TO YOU, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?

YEAH...

"THERE WERE SOME BOYS OUTSIDE.

"THEY WERE IDIOTS. I WAS HANGING OUT WITH THEM TO GET AT YOU. UNCLE BILLY SCARED THEM OFF, THEN HE TOLD ME TO STOP TREATING YOU LIKE SHIT.

"HE SAID I WAS LUCKY TO HAVE SOMEONE LIKE YOU FOR A FATHER."

WHAT HE DID WAS-- ONE OF THESE BOYS, HE HAD A GUN--

AND UNCLE BILLY TOOK IT OFF HIM, AND HE LOOKED HIM IN THE EYE AND JUST *CRUSHED IT.*

AND THAT'S WHAT HE DID TO MOM IN FRONT OF ME.

NO EFFORT. NO EMOTION. CAN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A SECOND.

HE JUST... PUSHED HER...

MOTHERFUCKER.

MOTHERFUCKER, MY GODDAMN *DAUGHTER,* MOTHER--

YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID TO ME, DADDY? WHILE HE WAS KILLING MOM? WHILE HE WAS LOOKING ME IN THE EYES AND JUST *DESTROYING HER?*

HE SAID-- HE SAID--

OH, GOD.

"YOU LEAVE THAT MAN ALONE."

BUT MISTER KESSLER, YOU CAN'T JUST GET *RID* OF US--!

WRONG AGAIN.

BUT IF YOU'D JUST TALK TO ME, IF YOU'D JUST EXPLAIN WHAT--

ONCE MORE FOR THE HARD OF HEARING?

YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED. YOU HAVE NINETY DAYS TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY. THE BOYS ARE DISBANDED. THE END.

MISTER KESSLER, WE'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR YOU! I MEAN YOU KNOW THAT BETTER'N ANYONE, YOU AN' MISS, MRS, MS. RAYNER...!

YOU WERE PART OF A COVERT OPERATIONS UNIT. NOTHING YOU DID CAN BE PUBLICLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

SO HOW MUCH USE DO YOU THINK YOUR RECORD IS TO ME, AND TO MISS, MRS, MS. RAYNER IN PARTICULAR?

BUT LISTEN, NO, NO, LISTEN! I MEAN--I MEAN BUTCHER'S NO' GONNA SIT STILL FOR THIS, HE--

BUTCHER GOT HIS POUND OF FLESH ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO BE HEARING FROM HIM.

FACE IT, LITTLE MAN: YOUR EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE TOUGH GUYS IS OVER. TIME TO RETURN TO OBSCURITY.

I'M HANGING UP NOW.

ALL RIGHT, MONKEY. YOU WANNA PLAY IT THAT WAY?

WHAT DID YOU CALL--

JUST LISTEN.

DO YOU ***REALLY*** THINK RAYNER'S GONNA HAND OVER TO YOU WHEN SHE FUCKS OFF?

D'YOU THINK A GUY WHO GOT FUCKED UP THE ARSE BY A BULLDOG AN' ENDED UP CLEANIN' MONKEY SPUNK OUT OF HIS EARS--D'YOU THINK ***YOU'RE*** GONNA GET HER RECOMMENDATION FOR ***HEAD O' THE C.I.A.?***

WH-WH-WHAT--?

SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT--

HE TOLD ME, FOR FUCK'S SAKE. D'YOU THINK HE DIDN'T TELL HER ABOUT IT, SOME ROMANTIC FUCKIN' EVENIN' WHEN HE'D FINISHED SHAGGIN' HER OVER HER DESK?

I BET THEY HAD A RIGHT BLOODY LAUGH. AN' WE'VE NO' EVEN TOUCHED ON THE PARALYMPICS THING YET, I MEAN SHE'S GOTTA BE WONDERIN' HOW THAT'LL LOOK IF IT EVER COMES OUT IN THE WASH...!

IF I WAS YOU I'D BE THINKIN' ABOUT WHO ***CAN*** HELP YOU. LIKE IF THERE'S ANYONE YOU KEN WHO COULD DELIVER SOMETHIN' TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A STAR.

I--I--

SEE THE NEXT TIME I PHONE YOU, SUNSHINE? HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR ME.

AN' BE READY TO BE A FUCKSIGHT MORE POLITE.

DID I JUST...PULL A BUTCHER?

MAY-DEC '89 VICTORY

SUSPENSO

WOULDA MADE A NICE LITTLE FAMILY PHOTO.

IF DOC PECULIAR HADN'T FARMED HIM OUT TO SOME KIDS' HOME IN PADDY LAND.

NOT GOT ONE O' THE BLARNEY COCK?

COME ON, YOU DON'T WANNA WAKE THE TWO ARSEHOLES UPSTAIRS.

NEEEEEHH--!

FOR THEIR SAKE, IF NOTHIN' ELSE.

WHAT'S... WHAT'S...?

YOU KNOW.

OR YOU'LL WORK IT OUT.

HE'S BEEN TO SEE YOU ALREADY, AIN'T HE? BOUND TO HAVE, WITH RAYNER AN' THAT. WHAT'D YOU TELL HIM?

I DIDN'T SAY SHIT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--

WELL, MAYBE HE'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN', AN' YOU'LL PUT TWO AN' TWO TOGETHER.

MAYBE HE'LL COME DOWN HERE TOMORROW AN' SAY... VOGELBAUM.

AN' THAT I CANNOT HAVE.

JESUS *CHRIST.*

AFTER EVERYTHING I...AFTER ALL THIS *FUCKIN' TIME--!*

YEAH, WELL.

RATHER YOU THAN HIM.

NO--!

HNNHH!

'70

ALL STARZ

See Monkey

PEERLESS

MARVO

NO! NO! NO! NO!

BUSHMAN

PLASTIC MAN

FANTASTIC

NNEEEEEEEEEHHH

UHHHHHHH...!

I'M SHITFOOT!
IT'S TH' 'POCALYPSE!
I LIKES CANDY!

AW NO.

AW SSSHIT.

SHPLENDIDDIO...

YOU FUCKIN' COCK SHUCKERSH

THERE YOU ARE, JAMIE.

THERE YOU GO, WEE PAL.

ALL RIGHT, SMART MAN, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN PULL AN M.M....

SO A T-THIRTY-FOUR'S A TANK.

A TANK. VAS. VAS AN' A TANK.

UNLESS IT IS T-THREE-FOUR, AN' THIS IS ALL A LOADA--

T-34 Qwikipedia, the free encyclopedia

T-34

Read Edit View history Search

...r uses, see *T34 (disambiguation)*.

...to 1958. Although its armour and armament were surpassed by later tanks of the era, it has been ...ial design of World War II.[4] First produced at the KhPZ factory in Kharkov (Kharkiv, Ukraine), it ...World War II, and widely exported afterwards. It was the most-produced tank of the war, and the ...or, the T-54/55 series.[5] In 1996, T-34 variants were still in service in at least 27 countries.

...s and was intended to replace both the BT-5 and BT-7 tanks and the T-26 infantry tank in service.[6] ...d attributes of firepower, mobility, protection and ruggedness, although its battlefield effectiveness ...crew compartment, scarcity of radios, and poor tactical employment. The two-man turret crew ...e gun, an arrangement common to most Soviet tanks of the day; this proved to be inferior to those ...erman Panzer III and Panzer IV tanks. However according to analysis at the Aberdeen Proving ...e T-34 had the best optics of any tank so far analyzed there, both domestic and foreign.[7]

...sly refined during the war to enhance effectiveness and decrease costs, allowing steadily greater ...oved T-34-85 was introduced, with a more powerful 85 mm gun and a three-man turret design. By the ...had replaced many light and heavy tanks in service, and accounted for the majority of Soviet tank ...the T-54/55 series of tanks, built until 1981 and still operational as of 2010 and which itself led to the ...hinese tanks based on the T-55, form the backbone of many of the world's armies even today.

...e Red Army in World War II. When first produced in 1940, commentators considered it one of the ...creased protection, the V-2 diesel engine used a less flammable fuel, the Christie suspension was fast ...sure for good mobility in mud and snow. By mid-war, the T-34 might have no longer technically ...combat.[8]

T-34

T-34-85 at Musée des Blindés

Type	Medium tank
Place of origin	Soviet Union
Service history	
In service	1940–present
Used by	Soviet Union and 30 others
Wars	World War II and many others
Production history	
Designer	T-34 Main Design Bureau – Kh

WAS TANK COMMANDER.

ARMY IS SHIT NOW. BACK THEN WAS MIGHTY SOVIET JUGGERNAUT, COULD HAVE PUSHED NATO FAGGOTS WHOLE WAY TO ENGLISH CHANNEL. NO OFFENSE.

FUCK, WAS IT HIS TANK?

OUT OF SOVIET SERVICE IN THE FIFTIES, NO, HE WOULDN'T'VE BEEN... HANG ON.

T-THIRTY-FOUR ATLENIN.

T-THIRTY-FOUR *AT LENIN,* WHAT IF IT'S HIM?

JAMIE...WHAT IF IT'S AN EMAIL ADDRESS?

YOU DON'T PUT *AT,* YOU PUT THE WEE SQUIGGLY THING. BUT IF YOU'RE LYIN' THERE WI' BLOOD ALL OVER YOU, TRYNNA SEND A TEXT--YOU MIGHT FORGET THAT.

YOU MIGHT *DIE* BEFORE YOU PUT DOT COM.

Untitled - Message (HTML)

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To: t34@lenin.com

CC:

Subject: Vas?

PROBABLY BOLLOCKS... TRY DOT ORG, SEND...

TRY DOT NET, SEND...

WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE, HE'S FUCKIN' RUSSIAN, HOW'S HIS NORMAL ADDRESS END...?

DOT RU... *SEND.*

From: T34@LENIN.RU

Subject: Re: Vas?

Date: January 8, 2008 23.11.07 EDT

To: weehughie@mac.com

This is an automated response

Little Hughie, if you read this I am dead and my worst fears are true. I am sorry

"I AM SORRY FOR SECRET CRYPTIC BULLSHIT BUT I DID NOT WANT TO BELIEVE THIS THING. I SET UP TO REACH YOU FAST AS POSSIBLE IF ALL WAS REAL.

"CLICK ON LINK AND YOU WILL SEE WHAT I DO NOT HAVE HEART TO TYPE:"

M.M. Mobile
calling...
mute
keypad
speaker
add call
hold
contacts
End Call

HEY. I-- OH AYE?

WHAT TIME D'YOU GET IN?

RIGHT, 'CAUSE I DUNNO WHAT HE'S DONE TO YOU--

BUT I'M PRETTY FUCKIN' SURE I'VE GOT IT BEAT.

next: DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?